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50 thousand times, whereas the atoms concerned in producing the phenomena of nature, are doubtless millions of times less than the smallest object which can be seen with the naked eye.

Odours are capable of a much wider diffusion, if we are to ascribe their action to the radiation of atoms, and not, as many suppose, to any affection of the medium by which they are surrounded. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for the space of twenty years.

And a piece of wire gilt with eight grains, or the sixtieth of an ounce of gold, may be drawn out to a length of 15,000 feet, the whole surface of it still remaining covered with gold.

A grain of gold may be beaten to cover 50 square inches, which is then only the hundred-thousandth part of an inch thick; and still it maintains all its qualities as gold.

If a grain of gold be melted with a pound, or 5,760 grains of silver, and a single grain of the mass be dissolved in diluted nitric acid, the gold, though only the 5761st part of a grain, will fall to the bottom and be visible; while the silver remains dissolved in the acid.

A grain of silver may be beaten till a microscope shows 1000 distinct parts; if one of these be then dissolved, it will tinge 18,000 grains of water; a grain is, therefore, divisible into 18,000,000 sensible parts!

A pound of cotton has been spun so fine, that it would extend 168,000 yards, or 25 miles.

A quantity of vitriol being dissolved and mixed with 9000 times as much water, will tinge the whole; consequently it will be divided into as many parts as there are visible portions of matter in that water.

If a candle be lighted, it will then be visible about two miles round; and, consequently, were it placed two miles above the surface of the earth, it would fill with luminous particles a sphere whose diameter is four miles, and before it had lost any sensible part of its weight.

It is not, however, to be hence presumed that the space is filled with luminous rays, for rays of light travel 200,000 miles in a second, and 20 per second produce continuous vision. Hence, if we divide the circumference, 12 miles, or 7,200,000 tenths of an inch, there will, at one time, be but 1,440 rays emanating from the candle, so as to produce distinct vision two miles distant in every tenth of an inch.—The effect of odours may be similar. Indeed, a candle fixes oxygen while it parts with light.

GAMBLING.

The fashionable absurdities in these matters are equally amazing and destructive. Do not we see men passing their best hours, and their prime of life, in these scenes of folly, whose rank, fortune, and natural abilities, might entitle them to the highest offices in the Commonwealth? Degrading themselves to the low level of professed gamblers, and herding with these, as their chief intimates, their bosom friends: blind to every kind of merit, but that of the learned artist, whose boasted qualification is, that he is both able and willing to ease them of the useless burthen of an estate. Yet, fond as they are of this mad extravagance in theory, the practice of it is attended with the most consummate misery. As the tide of fortune ebbs, at least, as often as it flows, so the sad reverse, to which every adventurer is exposed, awakens by turns every gloomy and accursed passion of the soul. Here we may often see a numerous assembly of both sexes, chained down by the magic of the fatal circle; the sorcerer seated triumphant in the midst, with his instrument of deceit before him; at length the spell begins to work, and the engine of falsehood is put in motion; the enchanted crowd stand fixed with anxious eyes and beating hearts, till, in the end, fate proclaims the magician victorious; who, by secret and unsuspected arts, hath conveyed the wealth of his followers into his own pocket; leaving them nothing in return but the just reward of grief and vexation, indignation and remorse. Here one may often see the fairest faces dimmed with envy, or kindling into rage; by turns distracted with the tyranny of every vile affection; squandering those fortunes, which their provident and indulgent parents had bequeathed them, with

far other hopes and expectations; setting to the hazard the very means of their future support.—Here, then, behold the wretch completed! Surrounded by a train of inextricable miseries! his fortune vanished beyond redemption! He cannot work; and to beg he is ashamed: he hath disgraced his ancestors, and ruined his posterity: behind him he sees nothing but guilt and shame; before him, nothing but misery and despair. What then remains, but that he throws the last fatal dye for eternity, and conclude the horrid scene by a halter, a dagger, or a pistol! Or if his fury, horror, and despair, break not forth upon himself, they are sure to discharge themselves on his fellow-creatures. His intemperate wants call aloud for gratification; and force must restore what folly deprived him of. Hence the spirit of violence hath gone out among us, and the land is filled with robbery and murder.

THE TERM RILIVIO.

This term, improperly spelled *relievo*, as applied to sculpture, signifies the representation of any object projecting or standing forth from the plane on and commonly out of which it is formed. Of rilievos there are three kinds, *basso, alto, and mezzo*—the first is when the projection is less than one half of the natural thickness, such as is seen in coins and medals—the second, when one half of the figure emerges—the third, when the figure is so completely salient, that it adheres to the plane only by the narrow strip. *Cameos* are semi opaque gems, consisting of two or more coats of different colours, and of sufficient thickness to admit of shaping the uppermost into a figure in *basso relievo*, which is thus made to rest on a ground of a different colour.

A BROTHER'S LAMENT.

On the 18th of February 1782, I saw a young man, said to be deranged, standing on the sea shore, watching a spot where his sister was drowned five years before, returning from Ireland.—*Sinclair's Norway.*

That ocean wave, that ocean wave,
It rolls above my sister's grave,
Hymning a requiem deep and dull,
O'er her who once was beautiful.

When last yon harvest moon was bright,
She roved in thought beneath its light:
Yon harvest moon is waning low,
And Isabel where is she now?

I saw her die, I saw her die,
She fixed on me her closing eye,
In fond farewell I rush'd to save,
But she was in her ocean grave.

She passed away, she passed away
Like sunshine on an April day;
The harvest moon looked down from high,
But she was in eternity.

When life, when love, when all was o'er,
The wave crept gently to the shore;
The winds slept, and the sullen sea,
Seemed weeping for its cruelty.

But all too late, I wandered home,
Hopeless as tenant of the tomb,
For I had not one friend to bless
My cottage hearth of loneliness.

The bee hummed by my silent bower,
The thrush sung blithe to shrub and flower,
And summer wind came laughing by
As if to mock my agony.

They felt not grief, they could not know
A sister's death, a brother's woe;
They could not,—but my brain—my brain—
'Tis phrenzied, racked, and seared again;

So fare thee well, so fare thee well,
My sister—ocean rings thy knell,
And sea nymphs in their cavern's rude
Keep sacred thy sweet solitude.

DUBLIN.

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